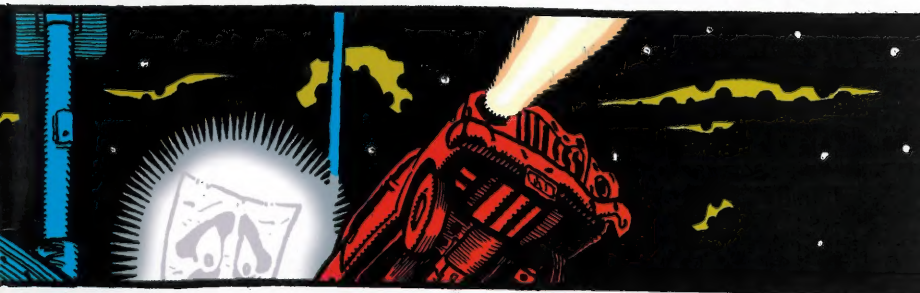
CALIBER COMICS
ISSUE 11
$2.95 USA $4.25 CAN

THE JAM

URBAN ADVENTURE



WHEN I'M NOT WORKING ON THE JAM OR COLORING COMICS OR BABYSITTING TWO LOUD, REBELLIOUS YOUNG BOYS, I LIKE TO RECORD SONGS I MAKE UP ON MY 4-TRACK TAPE RECORDER. THIS IS MY FIRST TAPE. 10 SONGS. 30 MINUTES OF MUSIC. COMES ON A 60 MINUTE CASSETTE DUBBED ON BOTH SIDES. LOW-FI. MAKE OUT CHECK/MONEY ORDER TO: BERNIE MIREAULT, 5586 CLARK STREET. MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA, H2T 2V4.

I'D LIKE TO THANK SCOTT DESCHAINE, CHRIS OLIVEROS AND RICK GAGNON FOR THEIR PARTICIPATION IN THIS ISSUE. THANKS, GUYS! YOU MADE IT EASY. MORE POWER TO YOU!

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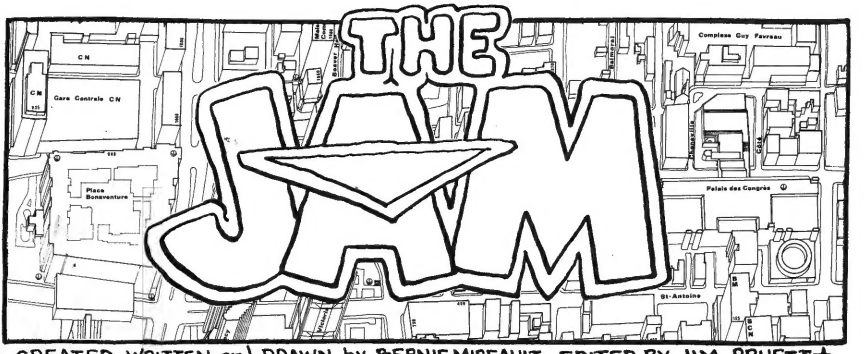
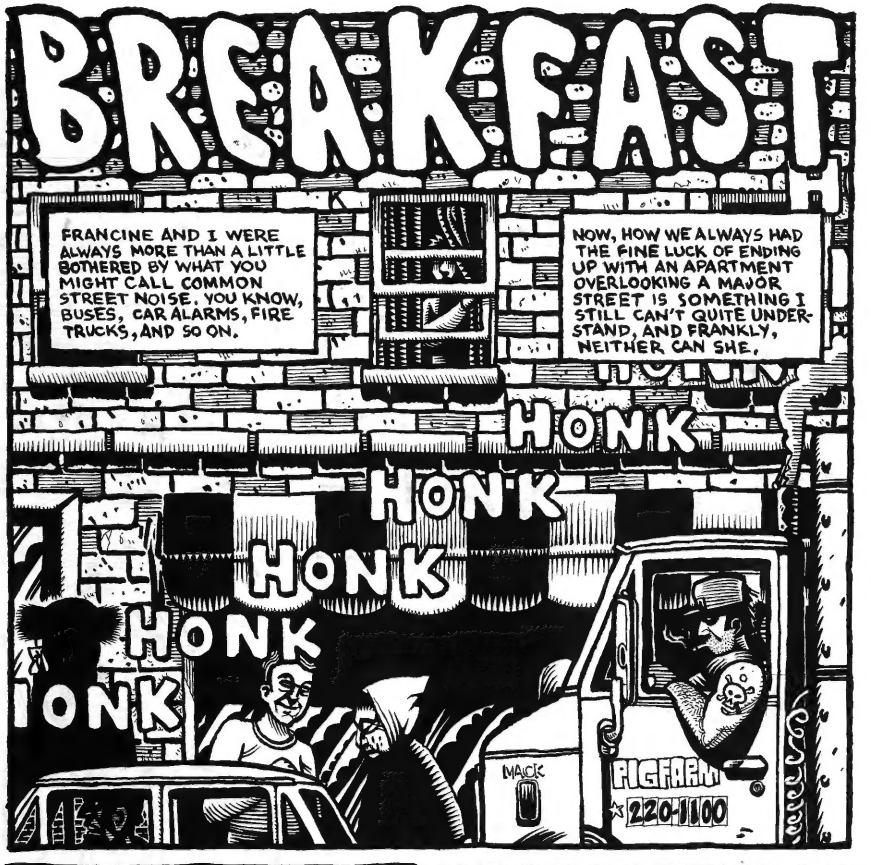
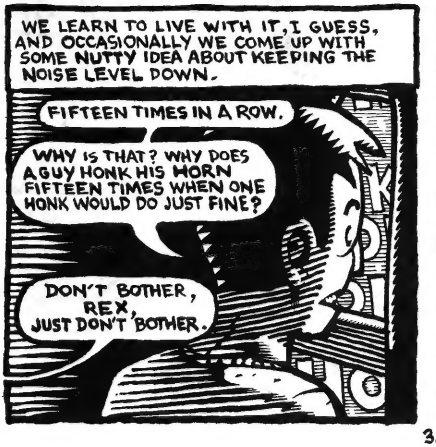


CREATED, WRITTEN and DRAWN by BERNIE MIREAULT. EDITED BY JIM PRUETT★

THANKS FOR COMING OUT. I REALLY NEEDED TO TALK TO SOMEONE.
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME LAST MONTH. I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND.
YEAH?
SO! YOU WANT TO EXORCIZE THIS DEMON BY SPILLING YOUR GUTS, EH?
HAHAHA HAHAHA HAHAHA
EXACTLY!
YOU REMEMBER MY GIRLFRIEND, FRANCINE? WELL, SHE AND I HAVE ALWAYS--
WAIT!
WAIT!
OKAY.
GO.
LIKE I WAS SAYING...


BREAKFAST
FRANCINE AND I WERE ALWAYS MORE THAN A LITTLE BOTHERED BY WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL COMMON STREET NOISE. YOU KNOW, BUSES, CAR ALARMS, FIRE TRUCKS, AND SO ON.
NOW, HOW WE ALWAYS HAD THE FINE LUCK OF ENDING UP WITH AN APARTMENT OVERLOOKING A MAJOR STREET IS SOMETHING I STILL CAN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, AND FRANKLY, NEITHER CAN SHE.
HONK
HONK
HONK
HONK
IONK
MACK
PIGFARM
220-1100

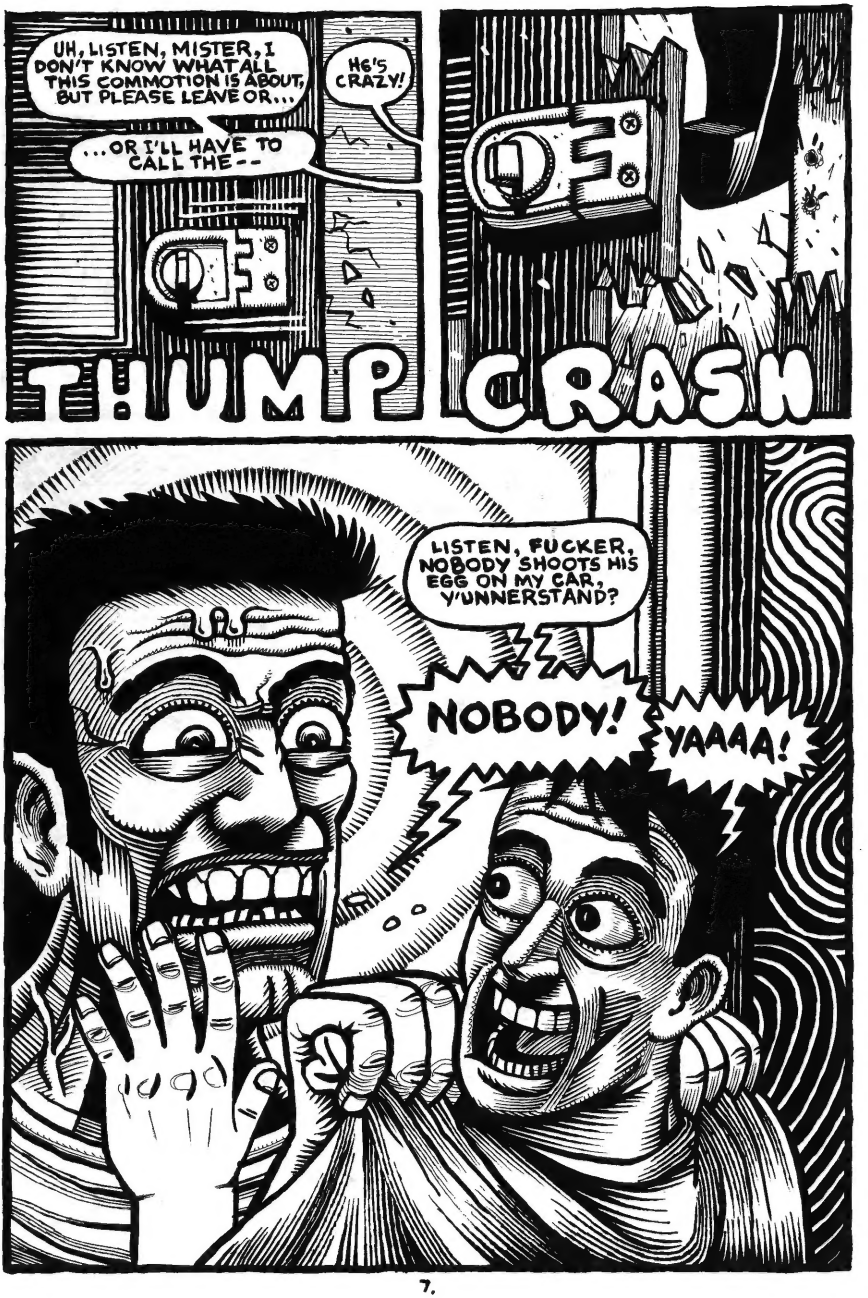

WE LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT, I GUESS, AND OCCASIONALLY WE COME UP WITH SOME NUTTY IDEA ABOUT KEEPING THE NOISE LEVEL DOWN.
FIFTEEN TIMES IN A ROW.
WHY IS THAT? WHY DOES A GUY HONK HIS HORN FIFTEEN TIMES WHEN ONE HONK WOULD DO JUST FINE?
DON'T BOTHER, REX, JUST DON'T BOTHER.

WORDS • CHRIS OLIVEROS •
PICTURES • BEM 95 •

YOU'RE NOT GOING FOR THE EGG, ARE YOU, REX?
I'LL BE CAREFUL.
HONK-HONK-HONK
LIKE YOU WERE LAST TIME, WHEN YOU ALMOST GOT THAT OLD LADY ON THE HEAD?
IT LANDED ON THE SIDEWALK! BESIDES, THIS TIME I'LL HAVE BETTER AIM--MAYBE SOMETHING RIGHT SMACK ON THE WINDSHIELD, AND WE'LL SEE HOW THAT NOISY BASTARD LIKES IT!
BEEP-HONNNNNNNNK
THE ONLY THING HE'LL SEE IS A BIG, ORANGE YOLK DRIPPING DOWN HIS WINDSHIELD. HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
YOU'RE CRAZY, REX! IF HE SEES YOU...
HONK-HONK-HONK
ONE...
...TWO...
...THREE!
HONK-HONK-SPLAT!

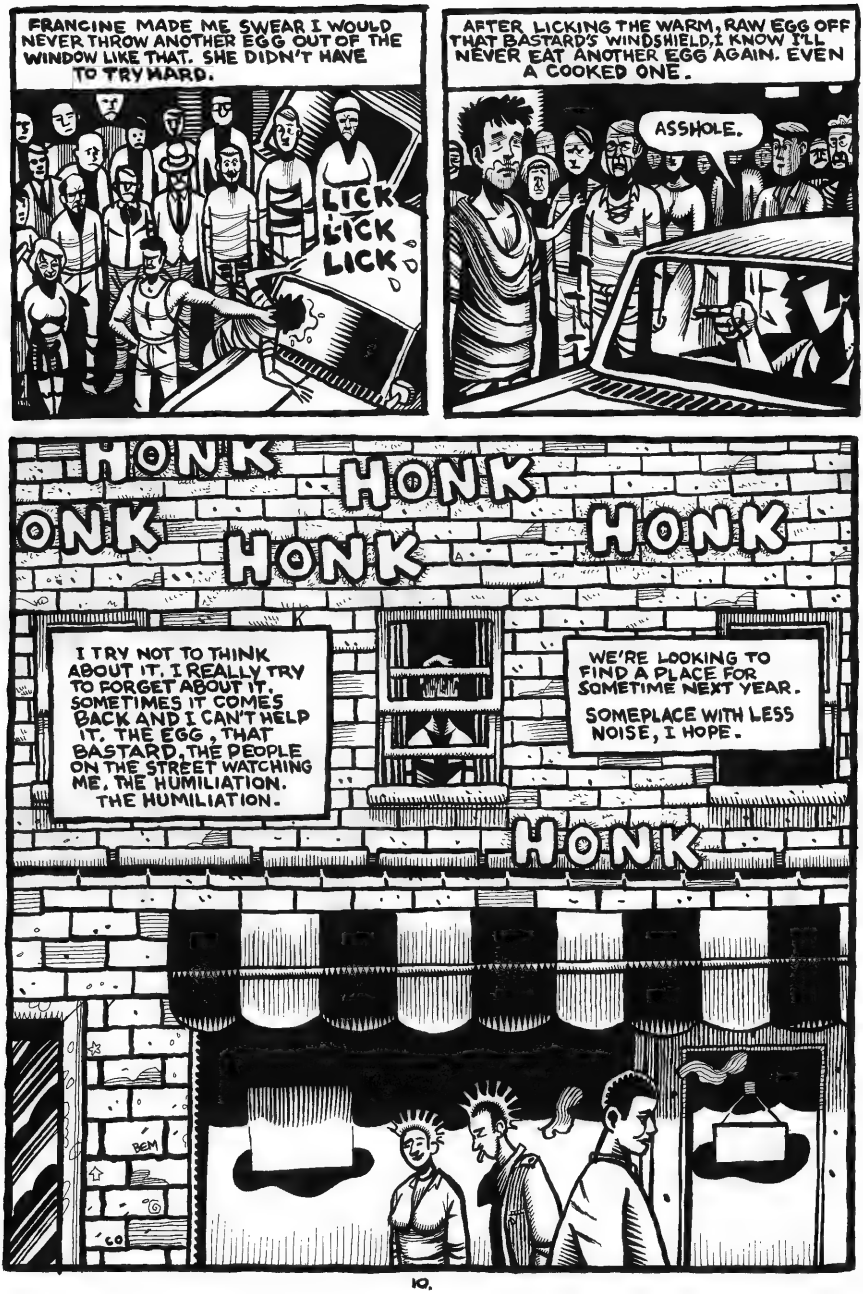
DID YOU GET IT? DID YOU GET THE RIGHT CAR?
☆HAHAHA HAHAHA
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON THAT CRAZY BASTARD'S FACE! IT WAS JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU, FRANCINE -- RIGHT ON HIS WINDSHIELD!
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
WHAT'D I TELL YOU? THE HONKING'S STOPPED!
LET ME SEE.
NO!
DON'T GO TO THE WINDOW! HE'LL SEE YOU!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE ANYTHING!
OF COURSE NOT! I CLOSED THE DRAPES! I MEAN, I WOULDN'T BE STANDING THERE WITH THE WINDOW WIDE OPEN, ADVERTISING IT TO EVERYBODY!
FINE, BUT DON'T START MAKING IT A HABIT, THROWING EGGS OUT THE WINDOW LIKE THAT. THAT WAS OUR BREAKFAST!

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
WELCOME
OH MY GOD-- IT'S HIM! HE'S COME TO GET YOU!
NO, NO! DON'T SAY THAT! IT'S NOT HIM... IT CAN'T BE! I TOLD YOU, THERE'S NO WAY HE COULD'VE SEEN ANYTHING!
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
SPLINTER
MY GOD!
REX, I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
THIS CAN'T BE! I'M TELLING YOU IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
HOW COULD HE SEE? HOW COULD HE KNOW WHICH APARTMENT NUMBER WAS OURS?
CALM DOWN. RELAX.
MAYBE WE CAN PRETEND WE'RE NOT HOME.
REX!
HE'S GOING TO BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!
WE'RE NOT HOME, FRANCINE, WE'VE... WE'VE GONE AWAY ON VACATION...
OPEN UP THE FUCKING DOOR! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
OH GOD...
THUMP THUMP THUMP

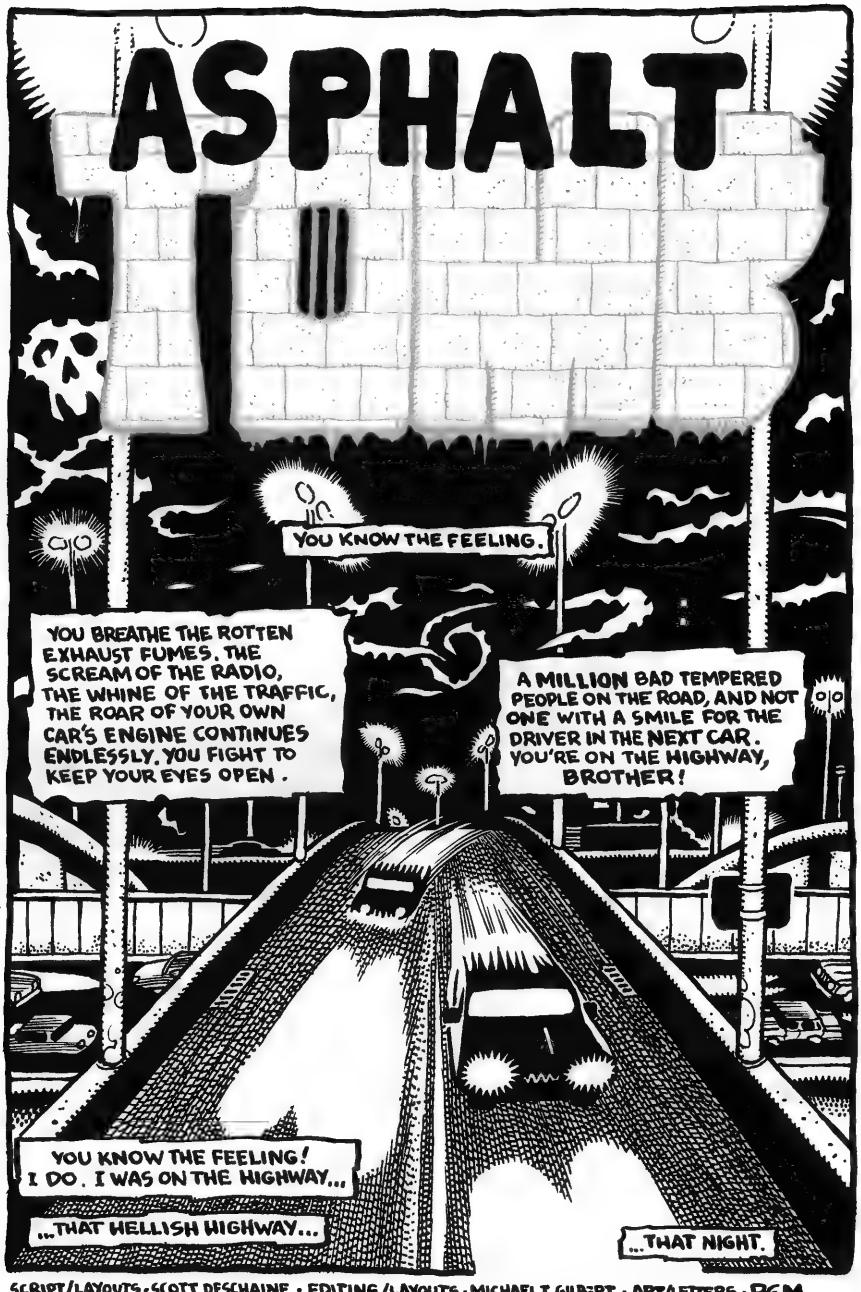

UH, LISTEN, MISTER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL THIS COMMOTION IS ABOUT, BUT PLEASE LEAVE OR...
...OR I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE--
HE'S CRAZY!
THUMP
CRASH
LISTEN, FUCKER, NOBODY SHOOTS HIS EGG ON MY CAR, Y'UNNERSTAND?
NOBODY!
YAAAA!

GET OUT! GET OUT!! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!
SHUT UP, BITCH! SHUT THE FUCK UP, OR I'LL SMACK YOUR FACE AS SOON AS I'M FINISHED WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND HERE.
HEY--HEY! DON'T TALK TO MY--
LISTEN, ASSHOLE, YOU AND ME GOT SOME SETTLING TO DO OUTSIDE.
CALL 911! CALL 911!
MY GOD... HE'S CRAZY!
LISTEN! MAYBE WE CAN WORK THIS OUT. I'LL... I'LL CLEAN UP THE EGG! I'LL GET A PAPER TOWEL AND... I'LL CLEAN IT UP WITH--
YOU'LL CLEAN IT UP, ALL RIGHT!

...YOU'LL CLEAN IT UP WITH YOUR TONGUE!
LICK IT!
I TRY NOT TO THINK OF IT TOO OFTEN, THAT TIME ABOUT THE EGG.


FRANCINE MADE ME SWEAR I WOULD NEVER THROW ANOTHER EGG OUT OF THE WINDOW LIKE THAT. SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO TRY HARD.
LICK
LICK
LICK
AFTER LICKING THE WARM, RAW EGG OFF THAT BASTARD'S WINDSHIELD, I KNOW I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER EGG AGAIN. EVEN A COOKED ONE.
ASSHOLE.
HONK
HONK
ONK
HONK
HONK
I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT. I REALLY TRY TO FORGET ABOUT IT. SOMETIMES IT COMES BACK AND I CAN'T HELP IT. THE EGG, THAT BASTARD, THE PEOPLE ON THE STREET WATCHING ME. THE HUMILIATION. THE HUMILIATION.
WE'RE LOOKING TO FIND A PLACE FOR SOMETIME NEXT YEAR.
SOMEPLACE WITH LESS NOISE, I HOPE.
HONK
BEM
CO

SO I GUESS YOU'RE DONE THROWING EGGS, EH?
YEAH! NOW I HAVE A MILITARY ASSAULT RIFLE WITH A LASER SIGHT!
HAHAHAHA-- er... THAT'S A JOKE, RIGHT?
'SCUSE ME, FELLAHS!
MY NAME'S BOB. I'M FROM TEXAS. IN TOWN ON BUSINESS!
I WALKED IN ON THE MIDDLE OF YOUR STORY AND COULDN'T HELP OVER-HEARING IT. IT MADE ME WANT TO TELL MINE.
CAN I JOIN YOU?
THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ANOTHER STORY!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
HI.
ANY OF YOU BOYS EVER SEEN A GHOST?
I HAVE! Y'SEE, BECAUSE OF MY JOB I DO A LOT OF DRIVING...


ASPHALT
III
YOU KNOW THE FEELING.
YOU BREATHE THE ROTTEN EXHAUST FUMES. THE SCREAM OF THE RADIO, THE WHINE OF THE TRAFFIC, THE ROAR OF YOUR OWN CAR'S ENGINE CONTINUES ENDLESSLY. YOU FIGHT TO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.
A MILLION BAD TEMPERED PEOPLE ON THE ROAD, AND NOT ONE WITH A SMILE FOR THE DRIVER IN THE NEXT CAR. YOU'RE ON THE HIGHWAY, BROTHER!
YOU KNOW THE FEELING! I DO. I WAS ON THE HIGHWAY...
...THAT HELLISH HIGHWAY...
...THAT NIGHT.

SCRIPT/LAYOUTS · SCOTT DESCHAINE · EDITING/LAYOUTS · MICHAEL T. GILBERT · ART/LETTERS · BEM

HEY!
SOME DRIVING!
YOU COULD'VE KILLED ME!
YOU STUPID PUTZ!
WHY ARE THERE SO MANY GOONS ON THE ROAD?! SOMETIMES I WANNA--
THEY'RE PROBABLY FEELING THE SAME ABOUT YOU...

YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN FINDING I CAN APPEAR IN CARS WITH NO AIR CONDITIONING.
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO GET THAT FI--
YIIII!
DRIVE, SON... DRIVE!
OOOOHHH!
SETTLE DOWN, BOY! IT'S NOT OFTEN I GET A CHANCE TO TELL MY STORY...
...AND LESS OFTEN DOES IT DO ANY GOOD, SO DRIVE A WHILE, SON...
...AND LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY HUSBAND, CHARLIE...

MY HUSBAND, CHARLIE, WAS A FINE MAN. HE JUST GOT A LITTLE CRAZY WHEN HE GOT BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A CAR.
BEEP!
HONK!
HONK!
GRRRR
CAUTION
BEEP!
BEEP! BEEEEP!
OUT OF MY WAY!
PLEASE, CHARLIE! WOULD YOU CALM DOWN?
WHAT ARE ALL THESE JERKS HONKING AT?! WHY DON'T THEY JUST GET OUTA MY WAY!
GET OUT OF MY WAY!
JERK!
I WISH THEY'D ALL JUST GET THEIR STUPID JACKASS TAILS OFF THE ROAD!!
STUPID JERKS!
STOP HONKING!
BEEP! HONK! BEE
WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT ALL THOSE "JERKS" WERE ONLY TRYING TO WARN US!

CRASH!
WE LOST A WHEEL AND CRASHED INTO AN ASPHALT TRUCK.
POOR CHARLIE.
Sarah?
SARAH!
CAUTION
I WAS DEAD, OF COURSE. THROWN FROM THE MOVING CAR, I HAD LANDED IN THE DITCH, OUT OF CHARLIE'S SIGHT.
IN THAT DEPRESSION IN THE GROUND, THE HOT TAR ENGULFED MY STILL WARM BODY.

THEY NEVER CLEANED UP THE WIDENED ASPHALT AND SO I REMAINED UNDISCOVERED. IT WAS STRANGELY HUMOROUS, YOUNG MAN...
...CHARLIE NOT ONLY KILLED ME...
...BUT ALSO UNKNOWINGLY ARRANGED FOR MY BURIAL.

SOME CARS STOPPED - BUT MORE CAME SPEEDING BY.
SARAH?
SARAH! WHERE ARE YOU?!

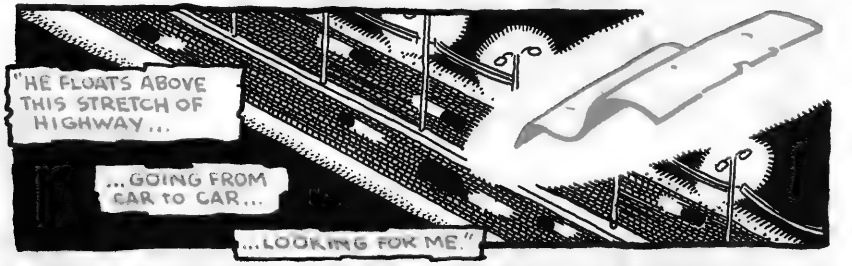
CHARLIE WAS FRANTIC!
IN SHOCK, SEARCHING FOR ME HE STUMBLED INTO THE PATH OF A FAST CAR!

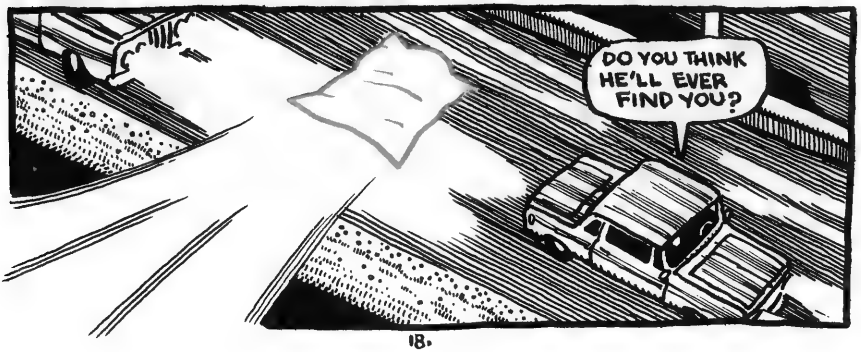
IN THAT MOMENT -- FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE...

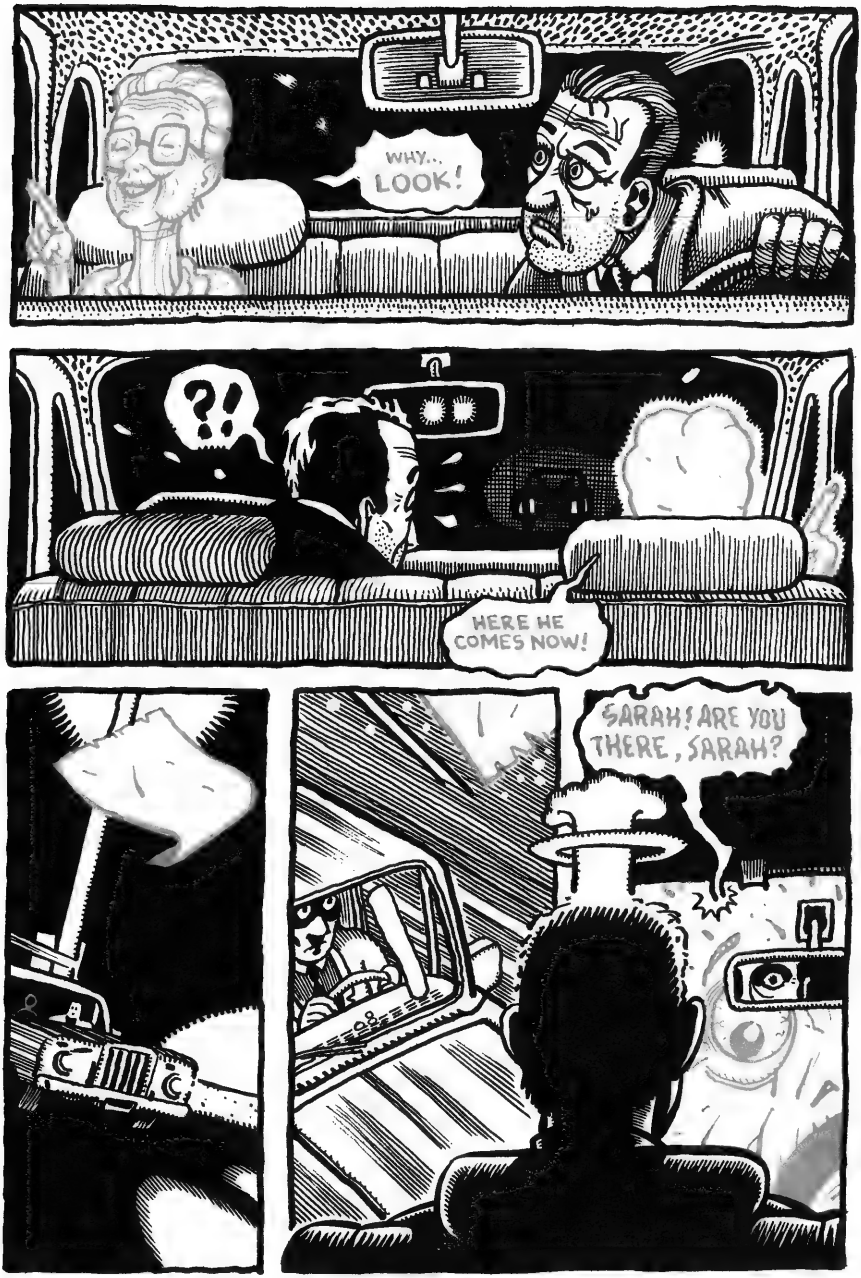
SCREEEEEEEEEEE--
SARAH?
HONK! HONK!
...CHARLIE LOOKED - REALLY LOOKED...

WHUMP!
...AT THE PEOPLE

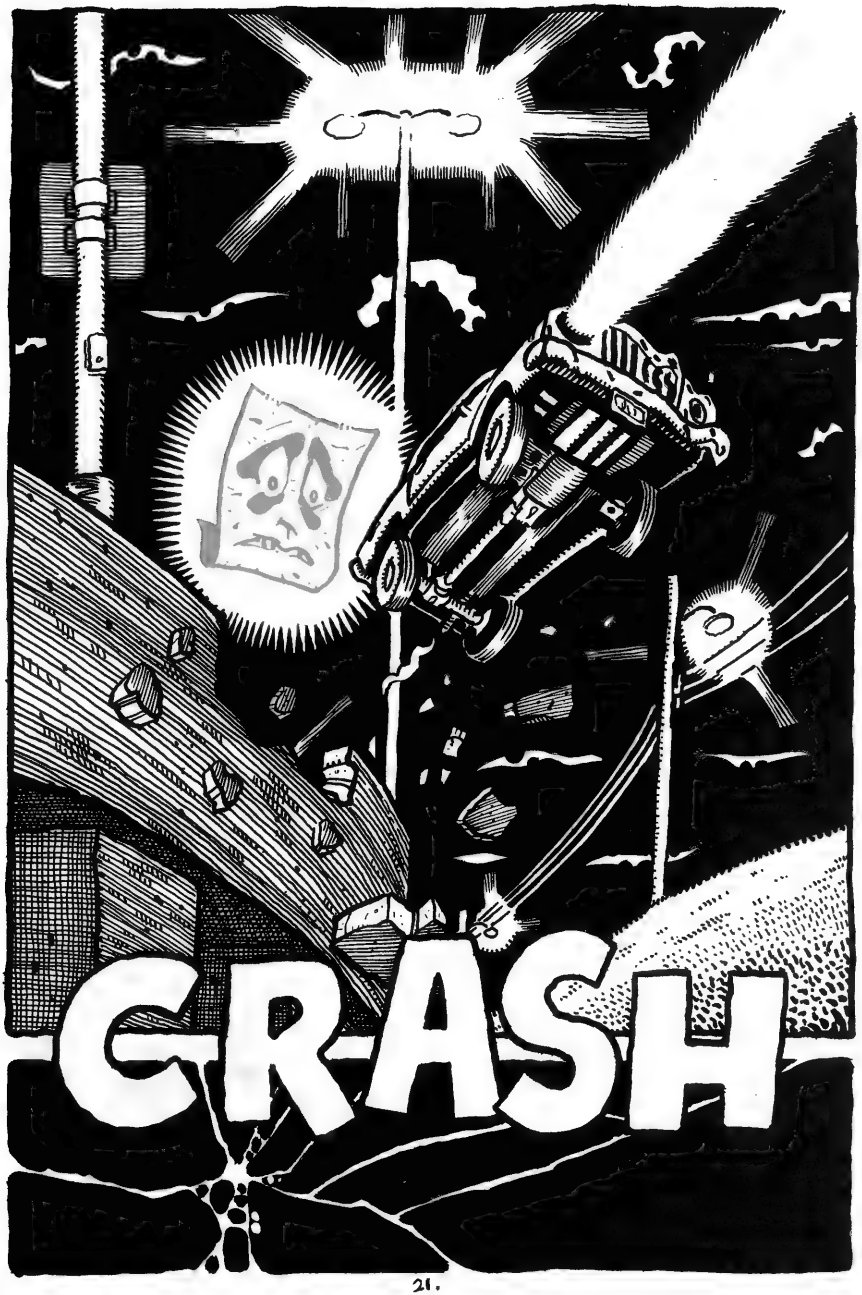
POOR CHARLIE...
...HE DIED WITHOUT EVER HAVING FOUND ME.
VRROOOOOOMM!
NOW HE CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO LEAVE HERE.
THAT'S SOME STORY.


"HE FLOATS ABOVE THIS STRETCH OF HIGHWAY...
...GOING FROM CAR TO CAR...
...LOOKING FOR ME."

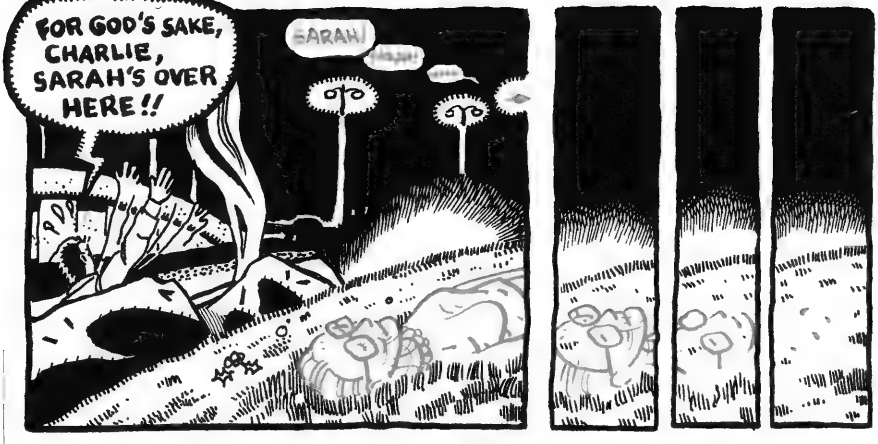

DO YOU THINK HE'LL EVER FIND YOU?

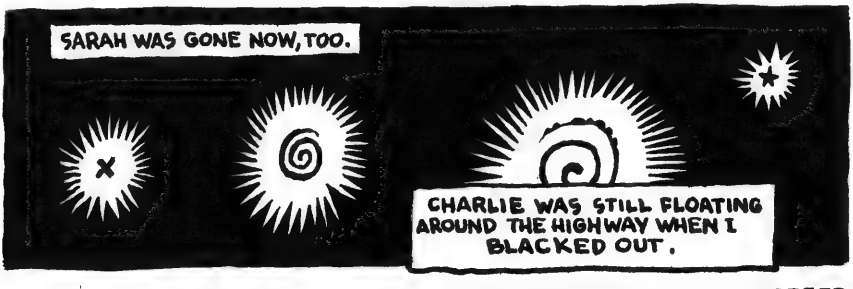

WHY... LOOK!
?!
HERE HE COMES NOW!
SARAH! ARE YOU THERE, SARAH?

SARAH! SARAH!
HELLO, CHARLIE.
GET 'IM OFF! GET 'IM OFF!
SARAH!
SARAH!!
I CAN'T SEE!!


CRASH

UNNHHH..
SARAH!
charlie..
..CHARLIE, OVER HERE!
SARAH'S HERE, CHARLIE!!

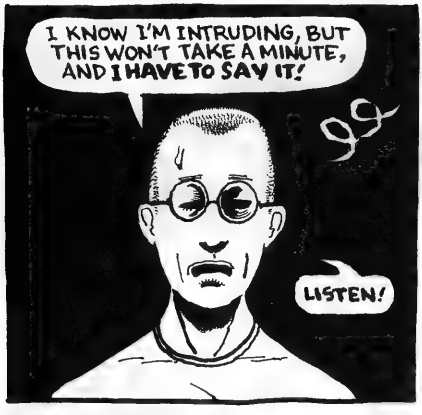




I AWOKE TO THE SIGHT OF CHARLIE PASSING DESPERATELY FROM CAR TO CAR, HIS SPECTRAL FORM HITTING EACH WINDSHIELD. HE'D PAUSE BRIEFLY, AS IF STUCK, THEN BLOW OFF ON TO ANOTHER. HE WAS EVEN HIT BY THE AMBULANCE THAT WAS SENT FOR ME. I ALMOST SMILED AS I WONDERED HOW TO EXPLAIN MY ACCIDENT...

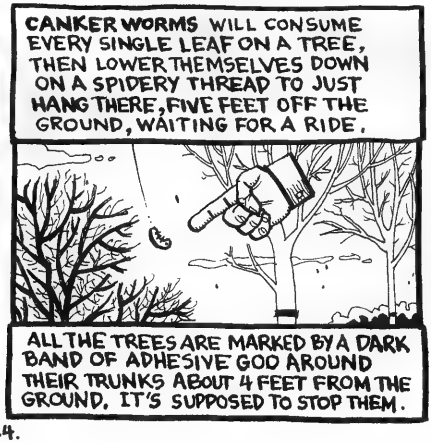
BEM

I HAVE A STORY.

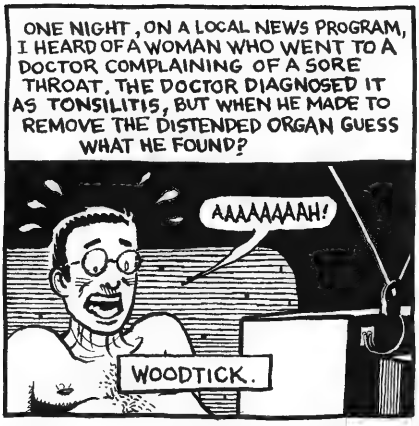

I KNOW I'M INTRUDING, BUT THIS WON'T TAKE A MINUTE, AND I HAVE TO SAY IT!
LISTEN!

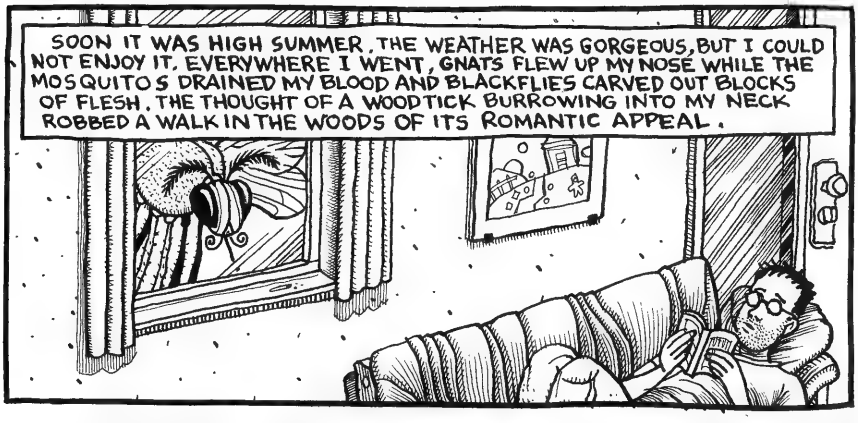
... THIS IS A STORY ABOUT WINNIPEG, MANITOBA. I WENT TO WORK THERE LAST SPRING. I DIDN'T LAST FOR VERY LONG.
I'LL TELL YOU WHY.

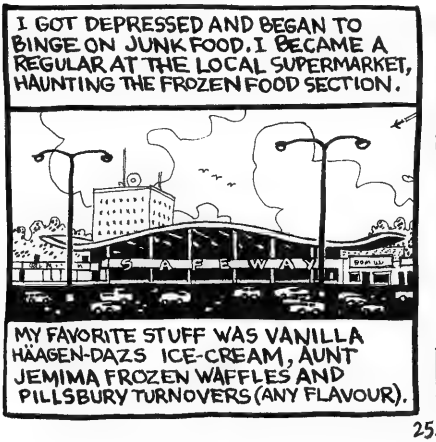
INSECTS!
MOSQUITOS MASS SO THICKLY IN WOODED AREAS THAT PEOPLE AND THEIR PETS GET STRANDED INDOORS FOR DAYS AT A TIME.


CANKER WORMS WILL CONSUME EVERY SINGLE LEAF ON A TREE, THEN LOWER THEMSELVES DOWN ON A SPIDERY THREAD TO JUST HANG THERE, FIVE FEET OFF THE GROUND, WAITING FOR A RIDE.
ALL THE TREES ARE MARKED BY A DARK BAND OF ADHESIVE GOO AROUND THEIR TRUNKS ABOUT 4 FEET FROM THE GROUND. IT'S SUPPOSED TO STOP THEM.

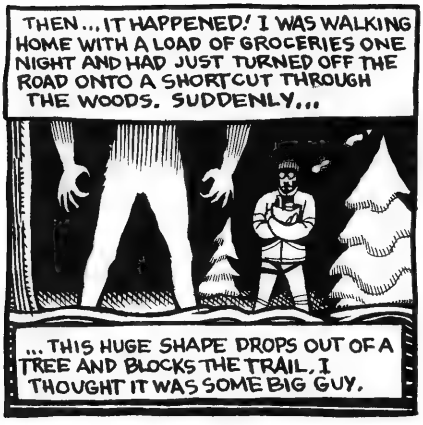
TINY WOOD TICKS JUMP ON THE UNWARY, BURROWING INTO THEIR FLESH. ONCE INSTALLED, THEY PROCEED TO SWELL TO MANY TIMES THEIR FORMER SIZE. A HORROR SHOW.
DELICIOUS!


ONE NIGHT, ON A LOCAL NEWS PROGRAM, I HEARD OF A WOMAN WHO WENT TO A DOCTOR COMPLAINING OF A SORE THROAT. THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSED IT AS TONSILITIS, BUT WHEN HE MADE TO REMOVE THE DISTENDED ORGAN GUESS WHAT HE FOUND?
AAAAAAAH!
WOODTICK.


SOON IT WAS HIGH SUMMER. THE WEATHER WAS GORGEOUS, BUT I COULD NOT ENJOY IT. EVERYWHERE I WENT, GNATS FLEW UP MY NOSE WHILE THE MOSQUITOS DRAINED MY BLOOD AND BLACKFLIES CARVED OUT BLOCKS OF FLESH. THE THOUGHT OF A WOODTICK BURROWING INTO MY NECK ROBBED A WALK IN THE WOODS OF ITS ROMANTIC APPEAL.


I GOT DEPRESSED AND BEGAN TO BINGE ON JUNK FOOD. I BECAME A REGULAR AT THE LOCAL SUPERMARKET, HAUNTING THE FROZEN FOOD SECTION.
SAFEWAY
MY FAVORITE STUFF WAS VANILLA HÄAGEN-DAZS ICE-CREAM, AUNT JEMIMA FROZEN WAFFLES AND PILLSBURY TURNOVERS (ANY FLAVOUR).

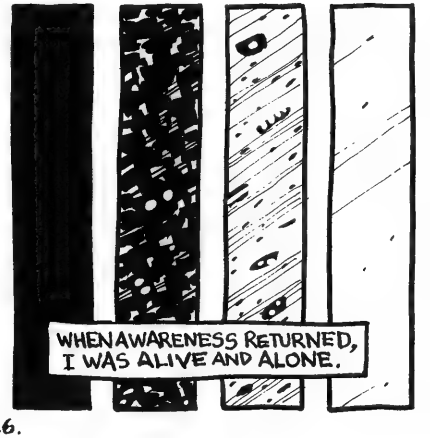
WORK KEPT ME BUSY, BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT. SOON CAME WINTER, BUGS CEASED TO BE AN ISSUE.
MY MOOD IMPROVED, BUT I FOUND IT HARD TO STOP EATING.

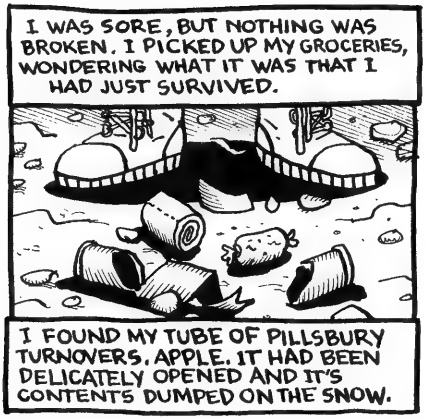

THEN... IT HAPPENED! I WAS WALKING HOME WITH A LOAD OF GROCERIES ONE NIGHT AND HAD JUST TURNED OFF THE ROAD ONTO A SHORTCUT THROUGH THE WOODS. SUDDENLY...
... THIS HUGE SHAPE DROPS OUT OF A TREE AND BLOCKS THE TRAIL. I THOUGHT IT WAS SOME BIG GUY.

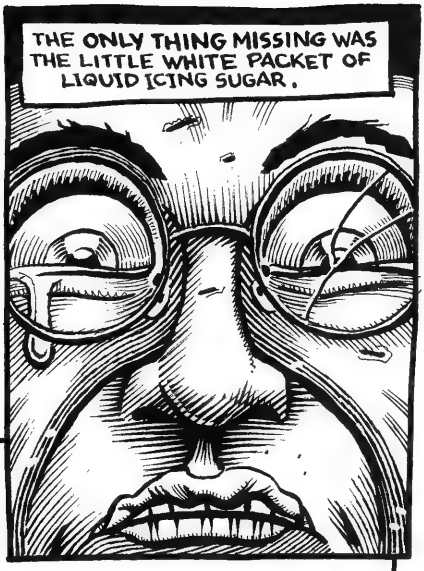
THEN I REALLY SAW.
STANDING BEFORE ME WAS A BUG WITH THE BODY OF A HUGE MAN. TWO ENORMOUS, UNBLINKING EYES TRACKED ME AS IT CHITTERED AND FLEXED AND UNFLEXED ITS CLAWED HANDS.

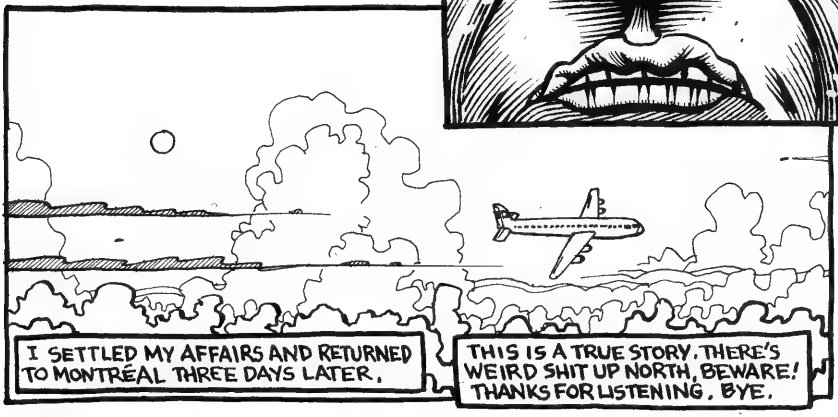
PRIMORDIAL FEAR ROOTED ME TO THE SPOT.
IT CHARGED, AND SUDDENLY I WAS SAILING THROUGH THE AIR.

MY GROCERIES FELL AROUND ME LIKE RAIN AS MY MIND SHUT DOWN AND I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.
MY LAST THOUGHT WAS OF DEATH.


WHEN AWARENESS RETURNED, I WAS ALIVE AND ALONE.


I WAS SORE, BUT NOTHING WAS BROKEN. I PICKED UP MY GROCERIES, WONDERING WHAT IT WAS THAT I HAD JUST SURVIVED.
I FOUND MY TUBE OF PILLSBURY TURNOVERS. APPLE. IT HAD BEEN DELICATELY OPENED AND IT'S CONTENTS DUMPED ON THE SNOW.


THE ONLY THING MISSING WAS THE LITTLE WHITE PACKET OF LIQUID ICING SUGAR.


I SETTLED MY AFFAIRS AND RETURNED TO MONTRÉAL THREE DAYS LATER.
THIS IS A TRUE STORY. THERE'S WEIRD SHIT UP NORTH, BEWARE! THANKS FOR LISTENING. BYE.

LOOK AT HIM GO!
I GOTTA CALL IT A NIGHT, TOO, THANKS FOR THE COMPANY, FELLAHS!
GOOD NIGHT.

COULD YOU BELIEVE THOSE GUYS?
DOESN'T MATTER!
I HAD FUN LISTENING.
·FIN

THE JAM
POETRY CORNER
A POEM COMIC BY
RICK GAGNON
GURGLING GASTRONOMERS GAZING OUT AT FARAWAY STARS, A GLEAM IN THEIR GLUTTONOUS EYES...
URP
RICK GAGNON 95
HAVING RUN OUT OF POULTRY (and parsley) AND PARSNIPS
SEEK TO MAINTAIN THEIR ROTUND COUNTENANCES
LIKENING THEMSELVES TO RAVENOUS BLACK HOLES OF INFINITE APPETITES
CRUNCHE
CHIPS

The next four pages are a preview of Nabiel Kanan's exit -issue #2.

YKNOW WHAT, RACHEL? I'M REALLY GOING TO MISS THIS COUNTRY.
CAT.
SORRY.
saturday night
I'M NOT SURE THIS WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA NOW, RACHEL. I MEAN I KNOW BETH WOULD BE UPSET IF I LEFT WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE, BUT THERE'LL HARDLY BE TIME FOR ME TO SAY HELLO BEFORE WE'LL NEED TO BE LEAVING FOR THE STATION.
AND RACHEL? I'M A BIT WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING MY LUGGAGE OUT HERE IN THE CAR. YOU SAW THOSE DRUNKEN MISFITS HANGING ROUND BACK THERE, AND I THINK I SAW SOME KIDS TRYING TO BREAK INTO A CAR FURTHER BACK UP THE ROAD.
HEY, LOUISE? SHUT UP, OKAY?
OKAY.
THANK YOU.
...DID YOU LOCK YOUR SIDE?

RACHEL!
LOUISE!
HI!
COME IN!
SO HOW'S ARE YOU BOTH?
I'M GOOD! GOOD! HOW'RE YOU?
I'M OKAY.
HOW 'BOUT YOU, LOUISE? ALL SET FOR YOUR TRAVELS TOMORROW?
LOUISE?
HI, LOUISE.
I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE HERE, KARL..
WELL, I HEARD YOU'D BE CALLING HERE, BEFORE YOUR TRAVELS TO FRANCE TOMORROW. YOU'RE GETTING THE EARLY MORNING FERRY FROM DOVER AREN'T YOU?
YEAH. I GET THE LAST TRAIN DOWN TO LONDON TONIGHT- RACHEL'S GIVING ME A LIFT TO THE STATION. THEN FROM LONDON A CONNECTION DOWN TO THE COAST, THEN A FERRY TO CALAIS, AT WHICH POINT I START SPEAKING VERY BAD FRENCH.
...AND SO THAT'S WHY I HATE SPIDERS...
CAN I GO WITH YOU TO THE STATION? Y'KNOW JUST TO SEE YOU OFF. THIS LOT WON'T BE STAYING MUCH LONGER.
WELL, IT'LL BE A TIGHT SQUEEZE. RACHEL'S JUST PROMISED KARL A LIFT BACK HOME AFTER SHE'S DROPPED ME AT THE STATION.
I SUPPOSE WE COULD PUT MY SUITCASE ON THE ROOFRACK.
GREAT! SO, TELL ME ABOUT THIS ART COLLEGE YOU'LL BE ATTENDING IN FRANCE. IT'S PHOTOGRAPHY ORIENTATED, ISN'T IT?
YEAH, WELL THE COURSE DOESN'T ACTUALLY START FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, BUT I'M GOING OUT THERE EARLY TO GET SETTLED IN Y'KNOW?
I'VE ALREADY BEEN OUT THERE A COUPLE OF TIMES THIS SUMMER TO CHECK IT OUT. I COULDN'T MAKE UP MY MIND AT FIRST...
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT PHOBIAS! >SHUDDER< I'VE GOT THIS PHOBIA OF >SHUDDER< JUST THINKING ABOUT IT TURNS MY STOMACH. I'M TERRIFIED IF I GET WITHIN A MILE OF IT, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT IT IS...
SOAP?
LUCKY GUESS RIGHT?

WONDERED HOW LONG IT'D BE BEFORE YOU SOUGHT THE SAFETY OF THE KITCHEN, KARL.
D'YOU THINK THEY SAW ME?
U'KNOW THAT BETH GIRL WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME SMOKE? SAID IT GIVES HER SOME KIND OF SKIN FLAKING SYMPTOMS OR SOMETHING.
WE KEEP FINDING BITS OF HER ON THE CARPET.
:HA: DON'T BE CRUEL. BETH'S GOT A LOT OF ALLERGIES.
I KNOW. WHEN ARE THEY LEAVING?
LOUISE?.. LISTEN.. I.. THINK I REALLY NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING.
WHAT'?
OH NO.
LOOK KARL, HAVEN'T WE PLAYED THIS ONE BEFORE? I'M GETTING PRETTY SICK AND TIRED OF THIS.
OKAY, THIS THING YOU WANT TO TELL ME - IS IT GOOD OR BAD?
IT... ISN'T GOOD.
THEN NO! OKAY?!! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT! I'M LEAVING TONIGHT AND THAT'S IT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO UPSET ME AGAIN!
WHY D'YOU ALWAYS DO THIS?! CHRIST, YOU'RE A JERK! I MEAN, WHY DO YOU THINK I KEEP GOING AWAY?!
WHY DO YOU KEEP COMING BACK?
HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED.
THERE A BATHROOM IN THIS PLACE?
DOWN THE CORRIDOR, SECOND ON YOUR RIGHT.
AND DON'T MISS.
OH.. UH.. I'VE JUST THOUGHT - WHILE YOU'RE THERE COULD YOU CHECK THE BACK DOOR'S LOCKED? WE'LL BE TAKING LOUISE TO THE STATION SOON AND I KNOW I'LL FORGET OTHERWISE.
OKAY?
WHATEVER.

HE'S A JERK, LOUISE- DON'T TEAR YOURSELF UP ABOUT IT - YOU'LL SOON BE AWAY FROM ALL THIS.
Y'KNOW, I'M SURE HE'S GAY.
Y'KNOW CIG ONCE TOLD ME KARL MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO REALLY KNOW HIM - AND THIS GUY WAS KARL'S CLOSEST FRIEND!
NOT THAT KIND OF FRIEND, SOPHIE!
AND EVEN IF IT WAS, SO WHAT.
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

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CALIBER™ COMICS

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Autumn, 1951. James Turell has nearly forgotten the War, but the murders that sparked his interest years ago, have still continued. Written by British team Colin Clayton and Chris Dows with art by German artist Horus. $2.95

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A SONG
by
BERNIE MIREAULT.

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